

Want by Pondermoniums

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Summary:

Steve can't shake the handsome stranger who keeps crossing paths with him.

He doesn't really want to anyway, even though all signs point to Billy being a dangerous person with far too many resources that he's been using to keep walking into Steve's life.

1. Chapter 1

Author's Note:

This was inspired by @lovebillyhargrove 's tag game on tumblr! [You can see the original post for part 1 here ~](#)

Steve didn't know what Billy's job actually was.

He knew the guy wore *nice* shirts and nicer blazers, suit jackets, and tuxedo pieces. He knew Billy had to be either the boss or close to it, because he only wore the *pieces* of a full suit or tuxedo. Steve wouldn't be surprised if he burned every tie he saw. Always had too many buttons undone.

But he looked good. And he knew he looked good. He walked right up to Steve waiting in line with Robin at a cafe before it closed. They'd gone to a nightclub at the absurd time of 8 o'clock. Hey, no door charge because they showed up so early. They were drunk off their ass and sweaty by 11pm. He called it an efficient night out.

"I've never been so happy to have a box of stale croissants in my life," Robin mused as the tired barista used the tongs in the glass display case.

Steve bounced from foot to foot, still dancing to the bad radio pop overhead. He cracked open his juice from the chilled shelves, since asking for a coffee five minutes shy of closing might get a wad of spit mixed in -

"You're light on your feet."

Steve didn't think too heavily on it when he was drunk. Everyone was prettier when the brain behind the eyes was in some cups, just like all food tasted better. Maybe he should've devoted more brain cells to the moment. But that was a lost cause now.

He and Robin chatted and Steve apologized for his hand being wet with condensation and sweat when the guy offered a handshake.

Even through the sparkly haze of alcohol, Steve could tell he gave Steve the time of day more than Robin, but they were on their way out anyway.

Steve might've said, "Well that was a great nightcap. He's tasty," a bit loud before the cafe door shut behind them. Robin coughed on her croissant and Steve guffawed and swiped it for himself before taking off down the street with her chasing after him.

But then Steve just kept running into him.

The guy from the cafe.

Walking into the park as Steve was leaving it. Strolling by the bank before Steve went inside.

With his designer clothes and his clean shoes and smooth, clean shaven jaw made ever so slightly tacky from skincare and lotion when it touched Steve's face. Because he leaned too far forward over the table he was serving at his upscale restaurant job and

Time froze in a vacuum

Because Steve could've sworn he - *Billy* - lifted his face into the shadow of Steve's neck. Inhaled.

It was a miracle he didn't drop a plate or spill a glass. He dared the briefest glance but blue eyes pierced him regardless of the emotion behind them. Steve felt like a dagger tied on a string hung through his belly, lazily stirring his nerves and threatening to land dangerously in his groin.

He left the table before he made a fool of himself and all the company present. Large tables guaranteed large tips. He'd be set for the next month if he just didn't fuck this up. He strode past the open-air kitchen and the 'butler's pantry' area to the hallway with the staff bathrooms -

Hands turned him around by his hips, surprisingly warm despite the thick poly-cotton of his white apron and the black slacks underneath.

The dagger fell.

The kiss was soft despite how ravenously Billy plundered his mouth. It was all Steve could do, to hold onto his nape and then wrap his arms behind Billy's neck. He tasted like steak and amaretto and neutral sweet, like a man. Mewls and moans left Steve's throat like he couldn't stop them. Didn't want to. Just wanted to drown in whatever this was.

Billy pivoted them so Steve pressed into the wallpaper. He hummed again as his hand found the clean shaven fade on the back of Billy's head, his blunt fingertips petting and scratching there like he hadn't known this man for more than an hour of collective encounters.

A sound left Billy's chest. It hit Steve's core like a pebble on a bell before he broke the kiss enough to meet Steve's gaze. Clear blue eyes far more sober than Steve felt and probably looked. Wrecked with lust for this stranger who had money and means to always *find* him.

"A car's going to pick you up later."

Steve blinked with reticence, not wanting to leave this haze but already out of it.

"Get into the car." The pad of Billy's thumb touched Steve's lip, light but insistent. He breathed, "Steve," before leaving the hallway. Pleading. At least, Steve wanted it to be a plea.

But he was gone when Steve checked back at the table to top up waters and drinks. In singles and pairs, the group left until Steve was left to collect dishes and wonder who the hell managed their tabs. His manager answered that question for him moments later, by shoving a thick fold of cash into his apron pocket.

"Your tip from table twenty-three."

"I didn't see you get the bills," he commented, intending to reach in and see what the high rollers tipped -

She shoved his hands away from his pocket. "You don't take money out in the open, silly. Get back to your locker for that."

Steve knew he never saw her with a pile of receipt folders with credit cards sticking out of them. But he went back to work and didn't take

inventory of his tips until closing.

That table might've spent \$1200 on dinner and drinks.

Steve got \$1100 in tips. What kind of math that was, he didn't know, but he couldn't fixate on it too much, because inside the fold of money was a piece of paper with a phone number. No name. Steve could assume it to be Billy's but he didn't *know*...

Get into the car.

Steve zipped up his coat as he stepped out of the employees' entrance. He emerged out of the service alleyway to...a regular city street. No cars more or less than normal, and none of them stood out...

Did he even want to get in?

He almost shook his head, just to jostle his thoughts around. "Don't be stupid, don't be stupid," he whispered to himself as he turned and marched his ass home. He didn't know this guy: a person with a scary amount of recon on his life to be able to find him at any ol' time. His dinner friends weren't exactly a college reunion, either.

But he kissed like a god and tasted like one too.

He held Steve like he wanted him, and *Christ*, Steve wanted to be *wanted*.

The privilege of being craved.

He was wrist deep in shampoo with his eyes closed when he realized someone pounded on his apartment door. The panic of rinsing suds off his body as fast as possible, the terror of someone at his door at 3am, and the fury of pissing off his neighbors at 3am spurred him out of the shower and into a t-shirt on top of the towel around his waist.

God sure as hell could've been at his door and Steve would've answered it the same way.

"It's 3am! Shut the hell up!" he hissed.

Billy looked equal measures of pissed and concerned, but he blinked and amusement crept in. He wore a long, swanky pea coat that looked soft to the touch. Steve was more preoccupied with moving out of his way when the guy strode right into his apartment.

“Why didn’t you let the car pick you up?” Billy’s gaze moved around the Spartan yet cluttered living room.

“Uh, I didn’t see one?” Steve sassed before he admitted, “Or...it’s a street? Lots of cars.”

Billy’s attention landed on him like he didn’t quite believe it. Steve stood in a towel with dripping hair, for god sake. Billy’s eyes raked over him as if he were putting together some pieces of a puzzle that Steve didn’t understand. Or was mundane life so difficult if you could just drop \$1100?

Billy took his hands from his pockets and started removing buttery leather gloves. “Do you have a roommate?”

Steve felt like another dagger was about to fall, but where, he couldn’t tell. He inhaled and sighed, “No.”

“Who is that woman to you?”

Steve’s brows reached for his hairline. “You mean my best friend?” he challenged.

Billy laughed. Derisive and amused and...impressed? Relieved?

He threw his coat, jacket, and gloves on the IKEA couch and those hands found Steve’s waist again. “Billy?” he managed before he had those lips again. Before Billy’s hand found the base of his skull and encouraged him to tilt for better access.

Then Billy let a moan seep into his sigh. Their lips parted audibly and he breathed, “No one talks to me like you do. About me. To me. You-mmh.”

He took Steve’s lips again like he *craved*. Steve shivered against his erection brushing against the fibers of his towel.

“Can I finish my shower?”

“No,” he purred darkly, arm locking behind Steve’s waist as the other pressed a rolling hand to Steve’s front.

He trembled through a broken shout, panting against Billy’s lips and jaw, gripping his silk shirt at the risk of scratching the threads. Billy licked over Steve’s lips, and Steve was dangerously close to cumming right there.

“*Billy...*” he whined. He warned.

Bright eyes gazed steadily at him through hooded, dark lashes. “Keep saying my name like that. I’ll give you everything.”

2. Chapter 2

Notes for the Chapter:

[You can see the original post for part 2 here ~](#)

Billy made Steve cum four times.

Four.

He couldn't believe it. Once, standing up in his towel with Billy massaging his groin, and twice more while he opened him up. Steve knew he was pent up, but...this was something else.

Billy yanked the towel to fall to the floor and walked him backward into the bedroom, shedding Steve of his t-shirt. Then he spread Steve wide and licked inside his ass. Steve couldn't really say if the next orgasm was normal, dry, or just a pleasurable spike from being overwhelmed from Billy's fingers tickling deeper than he thought possible.

Some lingering brain cell chirped at him and he carefully turned over to start crawling over the bed toward the side drawer. He managed to get his fingertips on the brass handle before Billy laid on top of him, flush with his pants open. Steve's cock kicked to full eagerness at the sensation of *Billy* behind him, soft skin and strong muscle.

His arm followed up Steve's to the drawer, where he withdrew the lube. Steve flushed from embarrassment that he gasped against Billy saying into his hair, "I'll take care of you."

Steve could only manage, "Condoms?"

"I'm clean. You?"

Steve blinked, lust making his head heavy until he released his weight onto the mattress. "I think so. I haven't checked."

The sound of the bottle cap behind and above him. "We'll get you checked if you want, baby. Lift your ass for me."

He sluggishly moved his elbows underneath him to do so, but then his voice escaped with his surprise at Billy hefting his pelvis up. "Breathe for me. Let me hear you."

Steve let his torso recline like a ramp up to where Billy began to push inside. As much as the stretch made Steve's jaw intermittently go slack and clench, the little, repeated pushes against his prostate made him see stars. The way Billy pulled him back and pushed inside him with a steadily increasing pace...Steve had never just let go before. Was usually entirely devoted to making sure his partner got everything they wanted and needed.

Billy used him and it felt *great*. To reach behind him for Billy's hip when he arrived at the pace that ramped up Steve's panted whines. The soft moan Billy made when Steve pushed against him with stuttering pulses, so close, so so

Steve's nails bit into Billy's hip, silently begging him to stay put as he bucked against him, the two at a clumsy impasse as Billy tried to fuck him through it and Steve's short thrusts negated his efforts but made wet slaps fill the small room.

"Hahh!" Steve exclaimed when Billy's arm came around his front and he moved them further up the bed. His other hand pressed into the mattress beside Steve's head. He loosely held onto Billy's wrist as the man took his pleasure from Steve. The way he just handled Steve into position...

"What?" he grunted breathily above him when Steve laughed. Something twirled in Steve's belly at how mutually wrecked he sounded.

"Nothing. I just like this."

Billy came with two more stuttering thrusts that pushed his hips tightly against Steve's ass. He didn't know what to expect afterwards, and he was too fucked out and tired to care much. But Billy landed beside him and rolled Steve over to spoon his backside and feel that silk shirt against his skin.

Maybe ten minutes, maybe an hour later, Steve felt Billy easing his

thigh up to slot himself inside again. The angle shoved a gasp right out of him, but where before had been fast, Billy took his time now. Relishing each shiver that his nose and mouth caused behind Steve's ear and on the side of his neck. The moan he got when he slid his hand down the inside of Steve's thigh, easing it over his own leg to open Steve up further.

When his hand finally closed around Steve's erection, Steve's hand overlapped it, guiding him to what he needed. Billy came first this time, but he stayed inside and pumped Steve to his finish.

His last remotely cognizant thought went into noticing how Billy lifted his covers over their bodies as he slipped into slumber.

He shouldn't have been able to wake up from the little shuffles and belt tinkering after the sun had risen, but Steve opened his eyes to see Billy adjusting his clothes in his closet door mirror.

"Do a turn."

Billy perked up and looked back at him. He smiled like he'd been caught at something. "What?"

Steve gazed at him as much as he could from where his face was smushed against the pillow. He twirled a finger in the air. "Do a turn."

Billy laughed softly, and...that was nice. He looked sweet when he smiled. It made a weight land in Steve's belly, but a pleasant weight. It was even nicer how he held his arms out and rotated for Steve to see all of him. The silk shirt that was a dark, dark green; made the pink of his cheeks and lips pop. The black slacks around thick thighs...Steve wouldn't mind having those wrapped around *him*.

"Gorgeous."

Billy grinned through another laugh and let his arms fall back to his sides. He approached the bed and Steve's eyes closed against the hand combing through his hairline. "What's your shift today?"

"Closing," he exhaled, his voice light with sleep.

He cooed a sound when Billy kissed his temple. "I'll see you later."

He hummed two more sounds like, *Oh-kay*.

Steve didn't go to work.

His alarm went off, he stood up, and then fell back into bed while reaching for his phone to call his manager and use one of his sick days. Considering the tip he got last night, he could certainly afford a day off.

Perhaps he shouldn't have been surprised, come dinner time, that a knock came at the door. Steve hauled his whole comforter with him to the door, where Billy immediately looked him over and stepped inside. "I went to the restaurant to see you. What's wrong?"

Steve chuckled a little through, "Nothing's wrong. I just called in sick."

Billy lifted his gaze from the plush turtle shell around him. "You were fine this morn - "

"I'm *sore*, Billy," he droned and began to shuffle his way back to his room, perfectly content with the blunt look of surprise on the man's face. For good measure, he sassed, "Coulda left me an ice pack."

He heard Billy shut the door for him and then the same rustle and twinkle he'd heard this morning, only in reverse as he undressed. He put his clothes on the couch until he wore just his briefs and tank top. Steve's eyes followed him from the bed, because even those were a *look*. The man couldn't do anything without a couple hundred dollars on his body.

He brought an ibuprofen and a tall glass of water to the bed. Steve had already taken one, but it had been some hours ago.

"Have you eaten?"

He nodded while gulping water. "Lunch."

He left the bedroom again and Steve heard him talking on the phone about what sounded like Chinese food. He only paused to lean in and

ask, “Steve?”

His bedhead lifted up, just eyes, nose, and hair above his mound of comforter. Billy laughed, “What sides do you want?”

“Crab rangoons,” he returned easily.

When he finished, Billy climbed into bed with, “Come here,” and Steve eased his way onto his chest. He lent some of the comforter over Billy’s legs.

It was nice. Really nice.

By the time the food got there, Steve could sit properly again and Billy respected Steve’s choice in watching Netflix anime on the laptop on the end of the bed.

It was nice. All of it went incredibly well considering Steve didn’t know Billy’s last name. And frankly, he didn’t feel confident enough to ask. Even if Billy filled up every spare minute he had with holding Steve’s body against his chest, pushing Steve’s hair behind his ear, kissing him until Steve didn’t know his own name - even if it was just for a glorious weekend

He was fine with it. Because Steve wanted to be wanted. And Billy unashamedly desired him.

Steve did manage to ask him if the phone number included with his tip was Billy’s. He took the small slip of paper from Steve and wondered, “Who did you think it was from?”

“I didn’t handle your tab,” Steve defended while their legs were tangled together and the room still smelled of sweet and sour sauce. “I didn’t handle anyone’s, and there were like, fifteen people in your party.”

The corner of his mouth lifted in a smirk. “Do you often get numbers tucked in the receipt folder?”

“No,” Steve scoffed while rubbing behind his ear. “I did get a tiny baggie of cocaine once.”

“Someone thought tipping the waiter with blow would be fine? Wow. Did you try it?”

“It could’ve been powdered sugar, for all I knew. I didn’t keep it. I’ll stick to downers like classic THC.”

Billy smiled and Billy laughed. Sometimes he just touched Steve like he was curious, or...checking like he was really there. A finger under his chin. A nose turning into his hair and deeply inhaling. Sometimes he touched Steve’s leg so he looked at him, but when Steve asked what he wanted to say or ask, Billy just shook his head. Like he just wanted Steve’s eyes and attention on him.

Steve really should’ve expected the gifts.

First came the flatscreen television. The men who installed it were generous enough to provide the HDMI cable to connect his laptop to it.

Then came a new internet router.

And Billy started picking Steve up to take him to work. The first time was sweet and a pleasant surprise. Billy drove a luxurious car that looked demure on the outside but boasted upholstery that smelled expensive and the entire dash glowed with neon, indigo lining. He reeled Steve over the center console to kiss him before his shift.

“You’re dating either a criminal, or an heir to something,” Robin declared when Steve met up with her on his day off. Her words were tight due to the sheet mask on both of their faces. Steve folded his up so he could slurp on a Sprite can.

“I haven’t seen any security force, though? Shouldn’t a guy like that have a bouncer with him or a portable secretary everywhere he goes?”

Robin scoffed, “A *portable* - you mean a personal assistant? I don’t know, probably. Just because you haven’t seen one doesn’t mean he hasn’t got one or six. Make sure he knows I don’t get wet for dinguses.”

“You know, I never needed that,” he grimaced.

What *did* come as a surprise, though, is that Billy never initiated sex again after that first night. He and Billy kept rather busy schedules despite how often Billy walked into Steve's life, but he couldn't help but wonder what Billy's motivations were. Maybe he just wanted to take it slow for the sake of Steve's body. Maybe he realized Steve was a sap who could stick around for longer than a week.

He stopped wondering after an accident happened at the restaurant. Steve always did have a talent for landing himself right at the apex of one problem intersecting another problem.

A wine glass fell on the floor - nothing extraordinary - and someone bumped into him as he bent to collect the bigger pieces. His hand caught right on the upright, jagged stem of the glass. Yeah, it hurt like stepping into an oyster bed, but Steve carefully pulled the stem out of his hand and used one of the chef's gloves over cotton and gauze to finish his shift.

Billy picked him up.

Steve knew what his car looked like now, and clearly Billy wasn't taking chances on anybody else picking him up -

He leaned on the car as Steve approached, but he stepped off to stride right to him and lifted up his hand by the wrist. Steve's mouth opened to speak, but no words came. He'd never seen Billy angry before.

The dagger hovered in Steve's belly.

"What. Happened."

"It was just an accident," Steve tried to say, but his voice didn't fully back him up. Billy's grip tightened on his wrist. Steve tried again, insisted, "It was an *accident*, Billy. Someone dropped their glass. It happens all the time. I'm fine. Can we go?"

He couldn't say what actually made Billy turn around and open the car door for him. But he didn't take Steve back to his apartment. Or the Emergency Room. Billy didn't talk during the drive. Steve didn't know where he was going after Billy parked in a parking garage and

he cradled his hand in an elevator that just kept going up.

“My place,” Billy finally said as the doors opened.

Criminal. Definitely a criminal, Steve’s brain declared as he slowly stepped inside the suite that the elevator opened directly into. He left his shoes by the elevator, not daring a speck of dirt on the marble foyer hallway or the carpeting beyond that.

He looked left. He looked right. The suite kept going on either side, like it was meant for a family of eight.

“Come here.”

Steve obeyed and sat on the crushed velvet couch. Billy set a phone down on its receiver. Steve hadn’t heard him say anything into it, but Billy went through a door while he removed his coat. Steve assumed it to be the bedroom. Or a massive closet. He stayed put where he was, petting the couch one way, making the threads look black, and then the other, glistening sapphire blue.

In a matter of minutes, the elevator doors opened again. Steve stood up but Billy reappeared and waved him back down. He was beginning to feel like a trained dog at this point.

“Dr. Owens. Thanks for coming up.”

“Always an obligation, Mr. Hargrove,” came the reply in the foyer.

Hargrove?

“Ah, are you the one?”

Steve’s mouth opened, but what came out was, “There’s only one of me.”

All three of them seemed to be mildly confused and disappointed in that sentence, but they each let it slide. Owens nodded at his bandaged hand. “Would you mind explaining your injury to me?”

He did while Billy sat on the other couch, knees crossed and a hand wandering his mouth. Brooding.

Owens began to look through the case he brought with him. It opened like a makeup kit, with three tiers that opened like stairs with medicine supplies. "I'm going to do some minor injections to numb your hand. Then I'll need to look around for any lingering glass."

"What if I'm afraid of needles?"

"You're going to be more afraid of an infection caused by glass in the hand. If an infection gets entwined far enough with the metacarpals, it's nearly impossible to clean it out. Hands and feet are the worst places to get injured."

Steve's shoulders drooped an inch. "Great."

He felt and smelled Owens moving an alcohol swab all over his hand, but he otherwise kept his gaze elsewhere during the injections.

Of course he'd have to feel the first two or three.

Billy entered his vision, sitting next to him and curving Steve's arm around his own, locking Steve to him. Steve's vision couldn't quite focus on him. Everything had a blurry edge.

"Lean back."

The notion didn't sound great. "I'll vomit."

"Then lean into me."

That proved...more manageable. Billy held firm with Steve's weight falling into him. He wore a blue shirt today. Just a nice, soft and mundane long-sleeve. He matched the couch. His hair had already grown out past the fade, too. Softly fuzzy against Steve's face...

"Tell me what happened."

Steve's brain didn't want to cooperate, and with each word he pushed out, confusion intertwined the cogs in his mind. "The...glass. Wine glass. I work in a restaurant - "

His head lifted to look at him. "You don't believe me?"

“I want to make sure.”

Steve stared at him. “What? That I can keep a story straight while trying not to pass out or vomit?”

“Keep your hand still,” Owens droned. Steve felt his dull hold on his wrist, and the distantly sharp exploration through his palm.

Billy didn’t respond, and Steve didn’t say anything else until Owens had finished. He rattled a small glass vial, two bloody pieces dancing around in it. “I’ll let you keep these unless you want me to dispose them?”

“I love souvenirs,” Steve remarked.

Owens looked just as pleased to be out of there as Billy looked unhappy at being left alone with Steve. The color had returned to his face while Owens wrapped up his hand, and now Billy paced his living room.

“Am I allowed to leave?” Steve asked the same time Billy said, “Want the tour?”

Billy frowned. “Do you want to?”

With his unharmed hand, Steve rubbed his face. “I don’t actually like staying up until four in the morning.”

Steve didn’t get the tour.

Billy drove him back to his apartment. He didn’t stay, but he said before leaving, “I’ll pick you up tomorrow.”

It didn’t occur until Steve’s head was hitting the pillow that he didn’t have work tomorrow. What could Billy possibly be picking him up for?

So Steve made sure he wasn’t home.

Yes, it’s petty.

Yes, Robin called him a moron on the phone while he strolled

through the park.

“You’re gonna die because you refused some rich douche bag’s date.”

“I am not going to die,” he refuted. “I’m just going - ”

“To explain why.”

He startled away from Billy walking beside him, causing the pebbles paving the walkway to go flying. “Steve?” Robin said in his ear.

“I’ll call you later.”

Billy didn’t look nearly as lethal as the night before, but he certainly wasn’t strolling through Disney World. “Why weren’t you at your apartment?”

Steve had a tendency to panic when overwhelmed, all right? He’d reached his limit and exploded, “I don’t know! Because you didn’t say why or when? Because I’m not one of your poodles? I’m a person who’s allowed to live their life like - like - normal?”

Billy blinked at him, his brows lifting until he said incredulously, “Poodles?”

“A trained dog! You know what I mean.” Steve waved his injured hand for emphasis and grimaced for it. “You’re suspicious as hell. Don’t think I’ll do anything you ask just because the sex was good - great. Whatever.”

A smirk began to warm Billy’s features. “Poodles.”

Steve’s hair bobbed over his face as he nodded. “Yeah? My aunt had two of ‘em. They were assholes. What are you not getting here?”

Billy laughed a little and, as he stepped close to him, Steve began to wonder if the park was...emptier, than it usually was on a Friday.

“You’re prettier than a poodle. And more disobedient than I ever tolerate, Steve.”

He tried to steel his jaw, but Steve had long since given up adolescent

charades of hauteur. He shrugged, “What does that mean? You want your TV and router back? Are you going to sabotage my health insurance if I say no?”

Billy’s eyes lolled under a slow blink. “I’m not revoking your health insurance.”

Steve’s shoes touched Billy’s even though they had the space of the whole park. “Then what *are we doing*? I’m just some nobody. You’re clearly a somebody.”

“You’re not a nobody to me,” Billy finished, his breath tickling Steve’s lips. “I don’t want to hear you talk about yourself like that again.”

“Bossing me around isn’t going to end well for either of us. Especially if you can’t even believe me when I’m injured at work with an audience to vouch for - ”

Billy kissed him, but it wasn’t a hard, silencing kiss. It was one of Billy’s little touches. His cravings. To touch Steve. To share his air.

Steve’s brows furrowed and a conflicted moan hummed in his throat. His unharmed hand found Billy’s chest, and the latter took it as his cue to lace his fingers behind Steve’s back.

He’d barely broken the kiss before he started to say, “What we’re doing, is going to my car. You’re going to let me taste your dick behind my tinted windows because I’m done being considerate. Then we’ll go back to my place. I’ll give you the tour, and you’ll choose which room we fuck in first.”

Steve’s eyes ached with lust and how long he’d held them open. He gulped dryly. “This was an inconclusive argument.”

Billy smiled and turned them both to continue along out of the park.

Author's Note:

[My harringrove Tumblr~](#)
[My main Tumblr~](#)